

AMERICAN ANIMALS



BY —
DAVID NEWELL

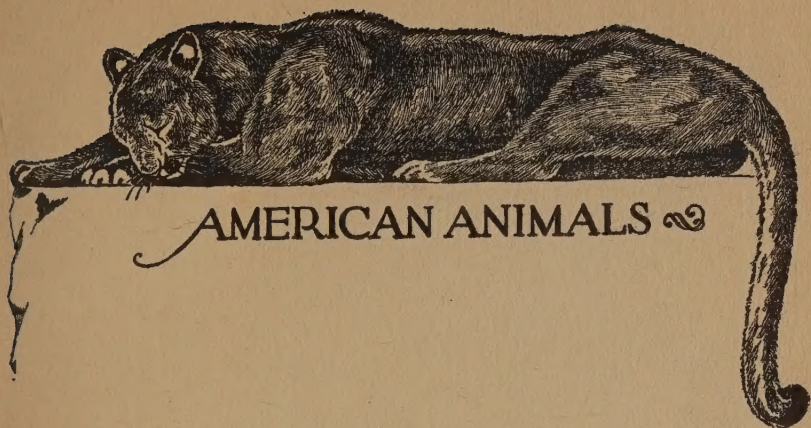
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DAVID NEWELL





The
VOLLAND
INGLENOOK SERIES

WILDLING PRINCESS
AMERICAN ANIMALS
GABBY GAFFER
NANNETTE





DAVID NEWELL

MOUNTAIN LION AND MULE DEER

AMERICAN ANIMALS

WRITTEN *and*
ILLUSTRATED *by*
DAVID NEWELL



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Dedicated to the memory
of
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
who loved children
and animals







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INTRODUCTION

NONE of the branches of Natural History is so little known as the life histories of animals: how they live, what they do, and just what they eat. And of the many branches, none is more interesting—perhaps because it reflects our own family circles and firesides.

The study of the life history of animals has lagged far behind similar sciences because to learn their habits takes days, and months, and even years. To watch them in a cage tells us nothing. One must search out their very homes, find them at play in their own door-yards, and sit for hour upon hour, watching quietly. It is then that things more wonderful than one can imagine are unfolded to the quiet observer.

Any one can guess what animals might do; only to those who love and study them do they reveal themselves. One must see them, keen, alert, hungry, and a bit fearful of an enemy before learning just how they live.

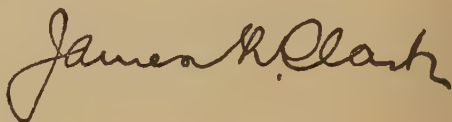
To David Newell have come rare opportunities; or rather, perhaps, he sought opportunities, when, with keen eyes and a sympathetic heart, he might watch the pranks of these creatures, always drawing, studying and noting

their amusing habits. Nor did he learn so much about them in a single observation. He has had to watch and go again, many times, for he has learned how dangerous it is to set down as fact what is observed on one occasion. So each finding has been checked and rechecked.

These rhymes, entertaining in the extreme, are packed with authentic Natural History and true information about the lives of animals; at the same time, by an exact choice of words and phrases, they avoid the abundant errors of less careful writers.

No one is better fitted to tell us how these animals live than David Newell. For many, many years he has loved wild life and studied it; later, his connection as field man with the United States Biological Survey in Washington afforded further study of and insight into the habits of animals. His experiences in capturing alive the large and the smaller animals have helped him, too, to learn how long and sharp their claws, and how strong their jaws.

He has written many interesting magazine stories, which you have doubtless read, and in which he has told us much; but this book is his crowning work. You who read it are indeed fortunate to have such a book from the pen and brush of the author-artist. David Newell knows of what he writes, and his book is a real contribution to science, to education and to art.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "James H. Clark". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large, prominent initial "J".



WHITE-TAILED DEER AND DOE



WHITE TAILED DEER

At early dawn when
trees are still
Two deer come walk-
ing down the hill.

They've browsed all night in dewy glades
On acorns, shoots, and rye-grass blades.

The buck has antlers on his head,
But once a year these horns he'll shed.
And here's a very funny thing,
He'll grow a whole new set each Spring!

The mother deer is called a doe
(As all wise boys and girls should know).
We call a baby deer a fawn
Until his spotted coat is gone.

And if you'd seek a beast with grace,
With strength to jump, and speed to race,
You couldn't beat the
white-tailed deer
If you should search a
solid year!



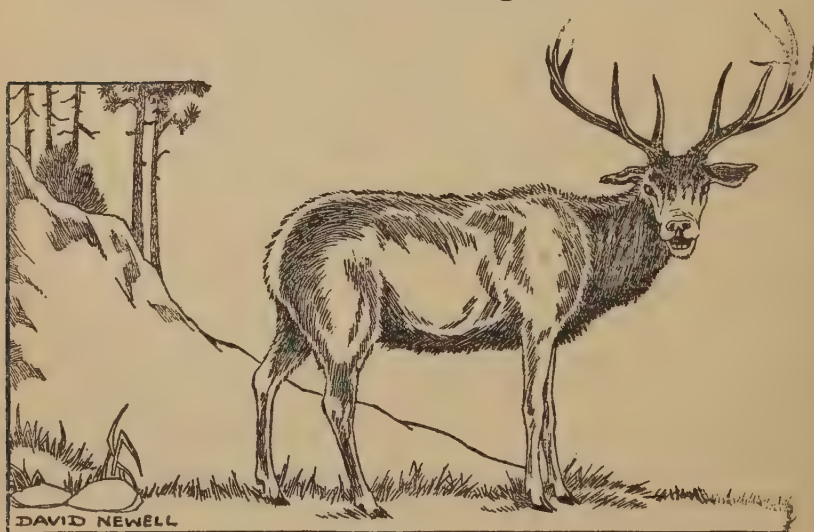
ELK, OR WAPITI

With stately antlers branching wide
The bull-elk roams the mountainside,
And sends his mating bugle-calls
Resounding down the canyon walls.

In days gone by the elk was found
From Chesapeake to Puget Sound;
And ranged the forests all the way
From Rio Grande to Hudson Bay!

But thoughtless hunters, filled with greed,
Destroyed the herds beyond all need,
Till elk were given wide protection
By laws passed in the right direction.

So now the baby wapiti
Can play at hip'ty-hoppity,
And eat his meals and have his fun
Without a fear of man or gun



CARIBOU

If anyone should
ask of you,
“Who drives a
team of caribou?”

You ought to say
without a
pause,

“It surely must be
Santa Claus!”



And you'd be right, as right could be,
As you shall very shortly see,
For reindeer is the other name
We give a caribou that's tame.

In the northland far away
He hears the wolf pack's hungry bay
And gallops off through drifts of snow
Because a wolf's his deadly foe.

The mother caribou is queer,
And not like other kinds of deer—
She has a set of antlers, too,
Just like the old bull caribou.



MOOSE

When ducks fly South on whistling wing
To stay away until the Spring,
The bull moose thinks the weather's nice,
He's not afraid of snow and ice!

His winter coat is thick and warm,
And covers all his clumsy form.
Beneath his chin a beard he wears,
His antlers look like rocking chairs.

In summertime, when days are hot,
The bull moose likes to find a spot
Where he can graze on tender shoots,
Or dive down deep for lily roots.

A moose is like a deer, and so
You'll not be much surprised to know
His horns drop off when Spring is near,
But grow out new again each year.



MOOSE

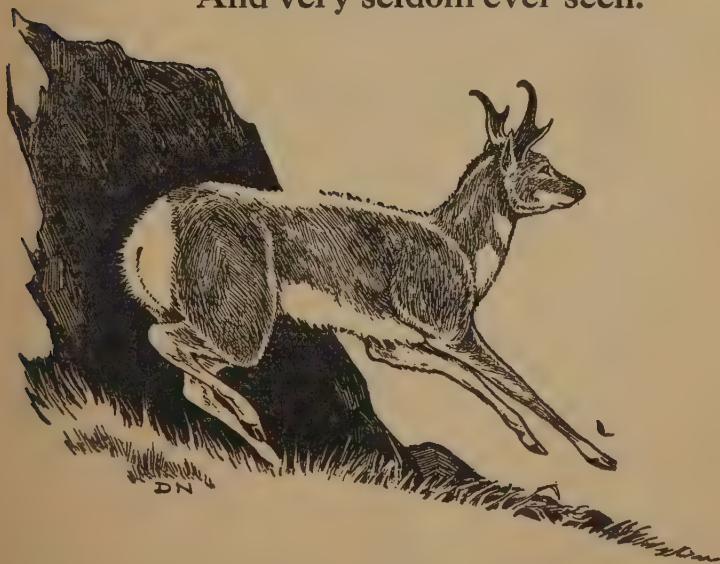
PRONG-HORN ANTELOPE

This graceful prong-horn antelope
Goes racing down the grassy slope.
His legs are slim but full of power,
He travels forty miles an hour!

His tail is just a patch of white,
And when he has a sudden fright
He fluffs it out in funny style,
And you can see it for a mile.

He isn't like a deer, you know,
This buck has horns, so has the doe;
They feed together in a band,
And graze upon the prairie land.

In days gone by, the many herds
Were plentiful as flocks of birds;
But now they're few and far between,
And very seldom ever seen.



ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP



This fat old ram is big
and burly,
His heavy horns are
long and curly;
In mountains high he
likes to be—
Ten thousand feet
above the sea!

But he must watch where-
'er he goes,
Because his kind has many
foes.
For pumas catch the ewes
and rams,
And eagles steal the baby
lambs.

And hunters seek him in
the Fall
To hang his head upon
the wall;
But he is smart and hard
to stalk
And runs with ease where
men can't walk.

He jumps around from crag to crag,
And any boy would surely brag
If he could learn to run and leap
Like this big Rocky Mountain sheep!





ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT

This mountain goat's a funny sight:
His shaggy hair is long and white,
His little horns are sharp and black,
He has a hump upon his back.

And if you had a winter coat
Like this old Rocky Mountain goat,
You'd know just how he keeps so warm
In driving snow and winter storm.

He climbs up jagged rocky slopes
Where men can scarcely go with ropes.
If *we* should jump across such chasms
We'd surely give our mothers spasms!

But he can scale a rocky wall
And never slip or fall at all,
For that's the way his mother did
When she was just a little kid.





DAVID NEWELL

BISON

With bushy beard and shaggy mane,
The bison roams the Western plain.
You've seen his picture, so you'll know
He's mostly called a buffalo.

Before the white man came along
The buffaloes were millions strong.
I couldn't tell in written words
The countless numbers in their herds.

The savage tribes of years ago
Would often hunt the buffalo.
They built their wigwams with his hide,
And ate the meat when it was dried.

But now the scattered herds are few,
And so are Crows and Crees and Sioux;
And people go to Wild West shows
For Indians and buffaloes.



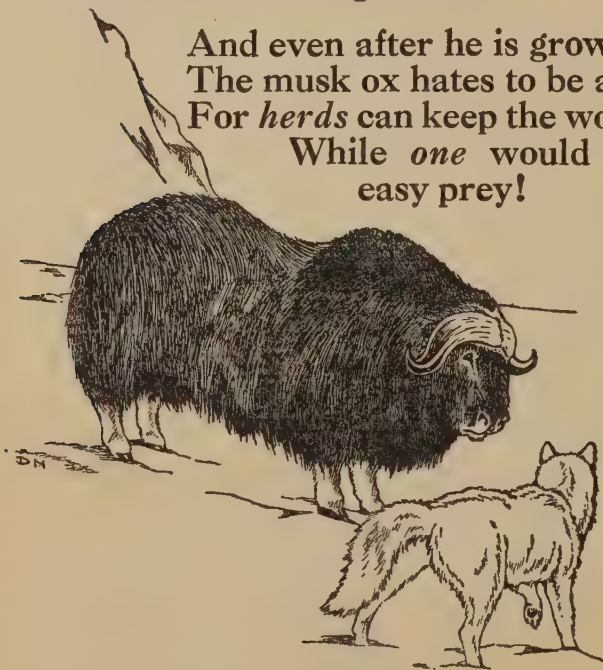
MUSK OX

The musk ox is a funny sort,
His coat is long, his legs are short!
And since he's built so squat and low
His hair will often drag the snow.

He lives beneath the northern lights,
And likes the long bleak Arctic nights
Where winter days are dark and gray,
And summer nights are bright as day.

We can't exactly understand
How in his far-off northern land
He ever gets it through his head
When it is time to go to bed.

And even after he is grown
The musk ox hates to be alone,
For *herds* can keep the wolves at bay
While *one* would be an
easy prey!



COLLARED PECCARY

Where one old peccary is found
There always will be more around;
They go in bands of three or four,
And even twenty-five or more.

These bristly little forest pigs
Are very fond of nuts and figs,
And feed on all the jungle fruits,
As well as lizards, snakes, and roots.

Now many other kinds of swine
Like families of eight or nine,
But peccaries don't share this view,
And seem to feel that twins will do.

Although their tusks are sharp as knives,
And they will fight to save their lives,
They mostly run when men appear,
In spite of all the tales you'll hear.





POLAR BEAR

This polar bear will make a meal
Of ev'ry sleepy, careless seal
That he can catch in icy caves,
Before it dives beneath the waves.

For seals can swim as fast as fish,
And do not like to make a dish
For hungry bears that come along
With snarling jaws so fierce and strong.



POLAR BEAR AND SEAL

These big white bears will swim all day,
'Though land is many miles away;
They like to rest on floating ice,
And think a bed of snow is nice!

When polar bears are very small,
They haven't any hair at all;
They're not much larger than a pup.
You'd think they *never* would grow up.





ALASKA BROWN BEAR

We've words that tell what creatures eat:
Car-niv-o-rous means "feeds on meat."
Of all such beasts, this Kodiak bear
Is the very largest anywhere.

He digs for mice, but he likes most
To look for fish along the coast,
Or in a salmon stream he'll stay
And eat a hundred pounds a day!

His mighty strength and size astounds;
He weighs almost two thousand pounds.
And when he stands up like a man,
He's taller than a moving van.

When icy blasts of winter blow,
He'll dig a den beneath the snow;
And then curl up to sleep and dream
About a *next* year's salmon stream.





BLACK BEAR

Now honey's sweet, as children know;
That's why this black bear loves it so;
He'll hunt it till his feet are sore,
And always wants a little more!

When summer days are hot, he seeks
The shady pools along the creeks,
Or goes to find a muddy bog
Where he can wallow like a hog!

He gobbles acorns by the peck,
Until he's full up to his neck!
And just as soon as days are cold,
He hi-ber-nates, as you've been told.

And black bear cubs are brown, sometimes,
A thing we can't explain in rhymes;
But anyway it's really true
That brown bears are just *black bears*, too!



GRIZZLY BEAR

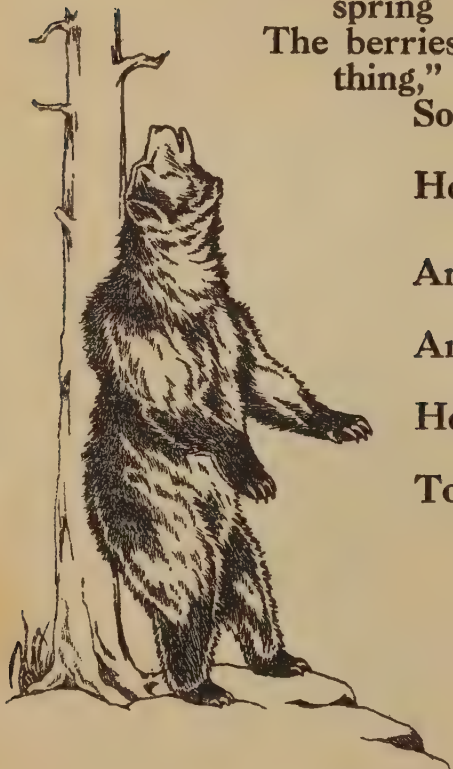
This grizzly's "hungry as a bear"
Or else he wouldn't stop right there
And roll a great big rock about
To roust a little chipmunk out.

But chipmunk scurries safe away,
And flirts his tail as if to say,
"If you are hungry, Mister Bear,
You'll have to find your lunch elsewhere!"

But down the canyon by the
spring
The berries grow "like every-
thing,"

So grizzly doesn't
really mind;
He'll go and eat what
he can find.

And in the Fall when
leaves are brown
And snowflakes come
a-drifting down,
He'll curl up in a
rocky den
To sleep till Spring
comes 'round
again.



DAVID NEWELL



GRIZZLY BEAR AND CHIPMUNK



RING-TAILED CAT

The ring-tailed cat is mostly seen
In rocky gulch or deep ravine.
He roams the long Pacific shore
From Oregon to Salvador.

The ancient Aztec legends claim
That cac-o-mixle is his name.
He's called a coon cat too, because
Of striped tail and cat-like paws.

He prowls around from eve till morn
To hunt for dates and figs and corn;
He likes a quail or mole or rat,
And sometimes even eats a bat.

When other food is scarce, he feeds
On prickly pears and centipedes.
He has a *very* funny diet,
And I would surely hate to try it!



RACCOON

The raccoon is a funny chap,
For all day long he likes to nap;
But when the big round moon is high,
He wakes up feeling fresh and spry.

He climbs down from his hollow tree
And starts out first of all to see
Just what there is for him to eat,
Before he goes to wash his feet.

For when he's had a good big meal
Of corn or fish or melon peel,
He's almost always sure to seek
A marshy path along the creek.

A 'coon, you see, is like a lad,
Who grown folks think is pretty bad,
Because he merely likes to get
His little hands and feet all wet!



FISHER

The fisher looks so long and low
That you might think him rather slow;
At least you'd never guess that he
Could catch a squirrel in a tree!*

But he can dart through tree-tops tall,
And hardly ever slip or fall.
And while he's slower on the ground,
He's keen and tireless as a hound.

On fish and frogs he likes to dine,
And often eats a porcupine!
He's fond of mountain beavers, too,
And for dessert he likes a shrew.

The fisher is a savage foe,
As all the little creatures know.
If I were fox or cotton-tail
I'd hate to have him on *my* trail!



*See cut facing page 72

BLACK-FOOTED FERRET

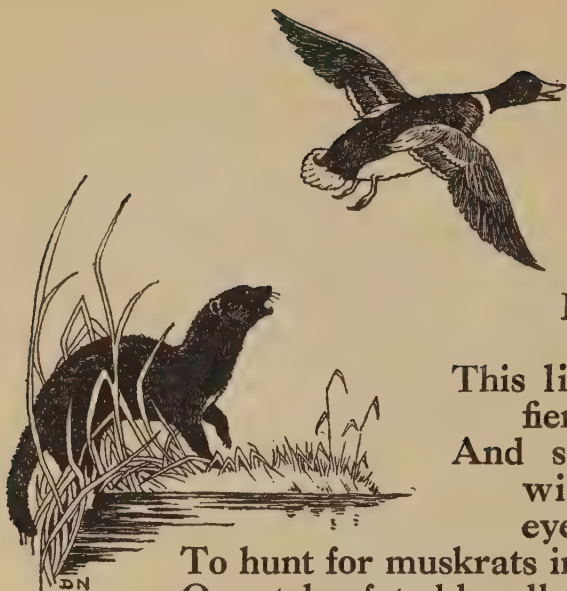


Now, prairie dogs detest all weasels
As much as boys dislike the measles!
This ferret drives them to distraction,
He's weasel-like in looks and action!

And when he comes to "Prairie Town"
The prairie dogs will all pop down;
But through their holes the ferret follows,
And searches out their hidden hollows.

So hunters train him now and then
To roust a rabbit from its den.
Hence comes the phrase "to ferret out"
Which you will often read about.

The ferret's fond of rats and mice,
So don't you think it would be nice
If you could have a black-foot' ferret
To hunt for rats in grandma's garret?



MINK

This little mink is
fierce and sly,
And steals around
with cunning
eye

To hunt for muskrats in the lake,
Or catch a fat old mallard drake.

Of fish and frogs he's very fond,
And likes to stay around a pond.
He makes his den in hollow log
Or in a cave along the bog.

And when he raids a chicken pen
He's not content with one old hen;
But kills much more than he will need,
Because his heart is full of greed.

His fur is soft and brown and sleek,
And twenty trappers worked a week
Before they gathered skins enough
To make your grandma's cloak and muff!



MINK AND BEAVER

MARTEN

This marten's quicker than a flash,
He catches weasels in one dash.
A marten thinks it is no sin
To catch and eat his smaller kin,
For he is very fierce and savage;
His nature is to kill and ravage.
He preys, on conies, hares, and grouse,
And likes a fish or frog or mouse.
He's at his best among the trees,
And darts from branch to branch with ease.
I wish that I could write a rhyme
As fast as he can leap and climb!
The ladies think his fur is nice
(At least it's *very* high in price!)
They give it quite another label,
For in the stores it's known as sable.





MARTEN AND WEASEL



WOLVERINE

Few boys or girls have ever seen
A really, truly wolverine.
He's often known as glutton, too,
And trappers call him carcajou.

His curving claws are sharp and long,
And he is very fierce and strong.
He feeds on foxes, hares, and grouse,
Or drags a beaver from its house.

He likes to rob the hunter's traps,
And visits camps to eat the scraps.
He steals supplies of every kind,
And hides whatever he can find.

And here you see that he has taken
A slab of some poor trapper's bacon,
And when the trapper finds it out,
He'll be as mad as hops, no doubt!



OTTER

This funny otter likes to ride
Upon a muddy slipp'ry slide;
He often makes a shoot-the-chute
Along the sloping cypress root,

And then this sleek and shiny otter
Will glide right off into the water;
He'll splash around awhile, and then
Climb up and slide right down again.

If you could see an otter swim
I'm very sure you'd envy him;
He's quick and slipp'ry as an eel,
And dives as well as any seal!

On trout and bass and perch he feeds,
And always catches what he needs.
When you go fishing, don't you wish
That *you* could always catch some fish?





DAVID NEWELL .

SKUNK

We think that skunks are awful pests
Because they break up pheasants' nests,
And eat the eggs of quail as well—
As you will hear the hunters tell.

But 'though he does a lot of harm,
A skunk will help around a farm.
He feeds on beetles, bugs, and rats,
And eats more mice than seven cats.

He has a white stripe down his back,
And takes along a perfume sack
Whenever he goes out at night,
In case he gets into a fight.

So if you meet this little
chap,
Don't try to take him on
your lap,
Or with his scent your
clothes will reek;
You'll have to bury
them a week!



BADGER

The badger's den is mostly found
In grassy, rolling, prairie ground.
He digs a burrow with his claws,
And throws the dirt out with his paws.

He is so very short and squat
That he can scarcely run or trot;
Yet every night he likes to roam,
And waddles far away from home.

He digs for gophers, rats, or mice,
And thinks that prairie dogs are nice;
He hunts their holes with hungry greed,
And digs them out with startling speed.

And if you chance to find him when
He can't run back into his den,
He'll turn to fight with blazing eyes,
And whip a dog that's twice his size!



SILVER FOX



This fox's fur is soft and sleek,
And he is really just a freak.
His little brothers all are red,
But he is silv'ry black, instead.

His fur is used to make fur collars
For which folks pay two thousand dollars.
But still in spite of any name,
He is a *red fox* just the same.

We find that arctic foxes, too,
Are sometimes white and sometimes blue.
The reason has been sought in vain,
So please don't ask *me* to explain!

Since silver foxes are so rare
A farmer often buys a pair
And raises fox cubs in his pens
Instead of cows or pigs or hens!

RED FOX



This old red fox will
seldom fail
To catch a plump young
cottontail;
But here he leaped a bit
too slow,
And bunny scampered
through the snow.

Of course the rabbit must be glad,
But you can see the fox is mad;
For just imagine how you'd feel
If someone took away your meal!

But he'll soon find a farmer's pen,
And steal a duck or fat old hen
And then he'll sit upon a log
To chuckle at the sleeping dog!

But sometimes dogs will strike his trail,
And then he'll growl
and fluff his tail;
For when he hears the
hound pack's song,
He has to run the
whole night
long!





RED FOX AND COTTONTAIL

GRAY FOX

On moonlight nights when bullfrogs croak,
And crickets chirp beneath the oak,
The gray fox steals on silent feet
To hunt for field-mice in the wheat.

If he should chance to cross the trail
Of squirrel, rabbit, dove, or quail,
Of course he'd stop to sniff around
And listen for the slightest sound.

But if his prey he fails to catch
He'll seek a huckleberry patch;
Or find some other fruit to eat;
He does not always live on meat.

The gray fox looks
so smart and sly,
With pointed nose
and cunning
eye,
That if he came
around at night
I'd lock *my* hen
house good and
tight!



DAVID NEWELL



GRAY WOLF

On winter nights, when cold winds blow,
And shadows lie on drifted snow,
The gray wolf prowls in search of prey
O'er plains and mountains far away.

For miles and miles he lopes along,
And sometimes stops to sing a song;
And if you've heard a gray wolf howl,
You've heard enough to scare an owl!

With lowered head and listening ear
He stops to sniff at trail of deer;
Or maybe finds a scent that's strange,
Of some new rival on his range.

If I had time I'd tell you now
Of how he caught a rancher's cow.
And someday—very soon perhaps—
He'll end up in that rancher's traps!





COYOTE

Through sagebrush, cactus, and mesquite,
The coyote bounds on flying feet.
He chases rabbits in the rocks,
And preys upon the ranchers' flocks.

Although he seldom takes old rams,
He'll eat the little woolly lambs;
And this is such a wicked sin
That men set traps to catch him in.

But little prairie wolf is sly,
He knows as much as you or I.
So if they'd catch him in a snare,
They have to hide their traps with care!

All coyotes like to hunt at night.
They bark and howl and snarl and fight;
And two can fuss around a feast
And sound like five or six at least!





BOBCAT

The bobcat's paws are soft and round;
He slips along without a sound.
And bobcat suits him, you'll agree,
Because his tail is bobbed, you see.

He has long whiskers 'neath his chin,
Just like his larger, Northern kin;
So bay lynx is his proper name,
Because he looks so much the same.

A rabbit is his favorite dish
(Although he's *very* fond of fish!)
And sometimes, every now and then,
He'll catch a fat wild turkey hen.

And people see his tracks, you know,
In southern swamps and mountain snow,
And write big yarns about his deeds
That no wise person ever reads!





CANADA LYNX

And here's an old Canadian lynx!
He's hungry, so of course he thinks
That it would be both right and fair
To catch this pretty snowshoe hare.

And we can't blame him much for that,
He's just a great big hungry cat,
And *has* to feed on rabbit meat;
There's not much else for him to eat!

He lives where winter snow is deep,
And hunts while bears are sound asleep.
His paws are broad so he can go
With ease upon the crusted snow.

And when a big gray lynx appears,
With furry cheeks and tufted ears,
A grouse or hare that knows what's best
Will find another place to rest!



CANADA LYNX AND SNOW-SHOE HARE



MOUNTAIN LION

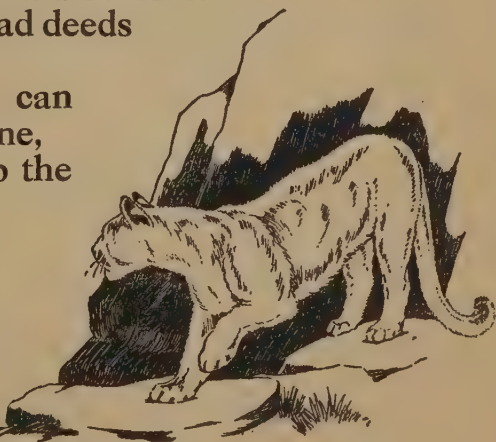
They call him puma in the
zoo;
Down South he's known
as panther, too;
In many places 'way out
West
Folks think that cougar
suits him best.

So you can give him any name
And still he'll look and act the same.
He's just a great big yellow thief
That likes to steal the rancher's beef.

With slinking stealth and sudden leap,
He catches calves and colts and sheep.
He prowls the rocky canyon-sides
And knows right where the mule deer hides.*

He's very much afraid of folks.
Most tales of his bad deeds
are jokes;
And one old dog can
bark and whine,
And chase him up the
tallest pine.

*See Frontispiece.





JAGUAR

You see the largest feline here
In all the Western Hemisphere.
Where Spanish speaking people are,
He's called el tee-gray or ha-gwar.

His mottled coat is sleek and shiny;
On neck and head the spots are tiny,
While on his back each big rosette
Is plainly marked, and black as jet.

He's greatly feared by everyone,
And blamed for deeds he's never done,
For when he meets a human being
His first and only thought is fleeing!

But he is fond of sheep and goats,
And has a taste for calves and shoats,
So ranchers hunt him high and low
From Argentine to Mexico.

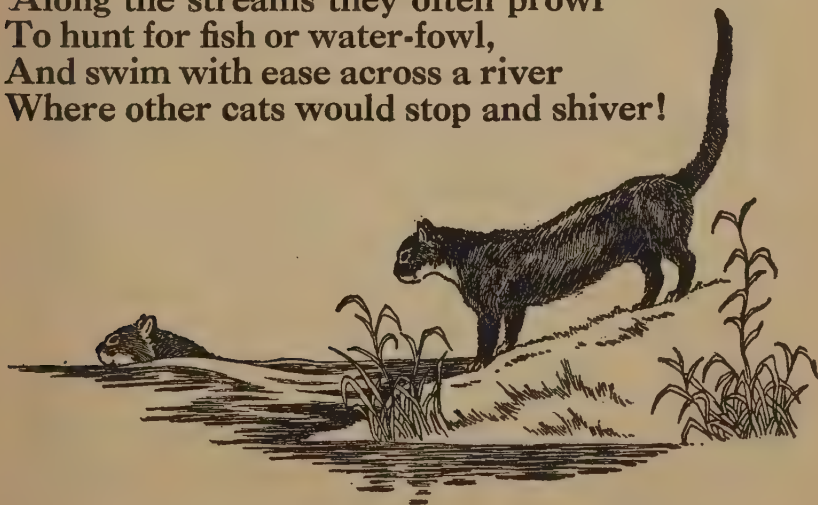
JAGUARUNDI CAT, OR EYRA

These jaguarundi cats are shy,
And always hide when men are nigh.
They're happy on the desert sands,
Or in the tropic jungle lands.

They look alike in every way,
But one is brown and one is gray,
Though if you asked how this could be
You'd surely have me up a tree!

They're known as eyras too, sometimes,
For which I won't find any rhymes
Though I should look a month of Sundays—
And so we'll call them jaguarundis!

Along the streams they often prowl
To hunt for fish or water-fowl,
And swim with ease across a river
Where other cats would stop and shiver!





OCELOT

The ocelot, or tiger cat,
Is found (or "has his habitat")
As all zoologists would say)
From Mexico to Paraguay.

He feeds on rabbits, snakes, and lizards,
And likes a meal of chicken gizzards.
So when the nights are dark, he snoops
Around the natives' poultry coops.

And when he's caught a fat old hen,
He'll drag it to his hidden den
In chaparral or cactus thicket,
And there he'll boldly lie and pick it!

With spotted coat he's quite a dandy,
And you could buy a lot of candy
If you'd a cent for every spot
That's found upon this ocelot!

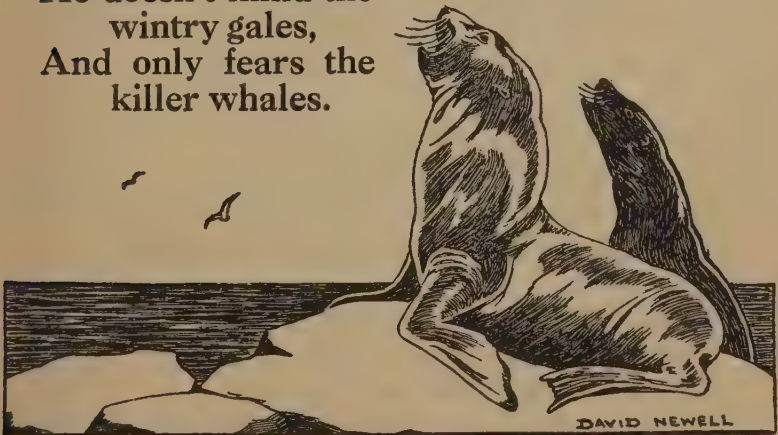
SEA LION

Sea lions live on barren shores;
They shake the rocks with savage roars.
And if you heard this frightful din,
You'd think their throats were made of tin.

The natives hunt them for their coats,
And use the skins to cover boats.
They eat the fat and use the flippers
To make new soles for boots and slippers!

This old bull climbs upon the boulders
To stretch his massive neck and shoulders;
He's fifteen hundred pounds in weight,
And twice as heavy as his mate.

He dives and swims with wondrous ease
Through foaming surf and stormy seas.
He doesn't mind the
 wintry gales,
And only fears the
 killer whales.





WOODCHUCK

On February first we say,
"Tomorrow will be ground-hog day."
Which means that woodchucks will come out
To yawn and stretch and look about.

And if his shadow woodchuck sees,
It means there'll be another freeze;
But if no shadow then is cast,
It means that Spring has come at last.

Of course this yarn is just a joke
That's only told by simple folk;
For woodchuck only leaves his den
When days are bright and warm again.

He feeds on clover leaves with zest,
But likes the apple orchard best,
And always keeps a watchful eye
To see if boys or dogs are nigh.



FOX SQUIRREL

In mossy pine or live-oak tree
Is where this squirrel likes to be.
In search of food he'll jump and climb,
And eat between meals all the time!

He really likes an acorn best;
And in a flying squirrel's nest
He found about a half a dozen
And stole them from his little cousin.



When he's finished what
he's found,
He'll quickly scramble
to the ground
To hunt among the leaves
and weeds
For hick'ry nuts and pine-
cone seeds.

Our teeth are not as strong
as squirrels',
And many little boys and
girls
Have had a spanking just
because
They cracked some nuts be-
tween their jaws!



FOX SQUIRREL

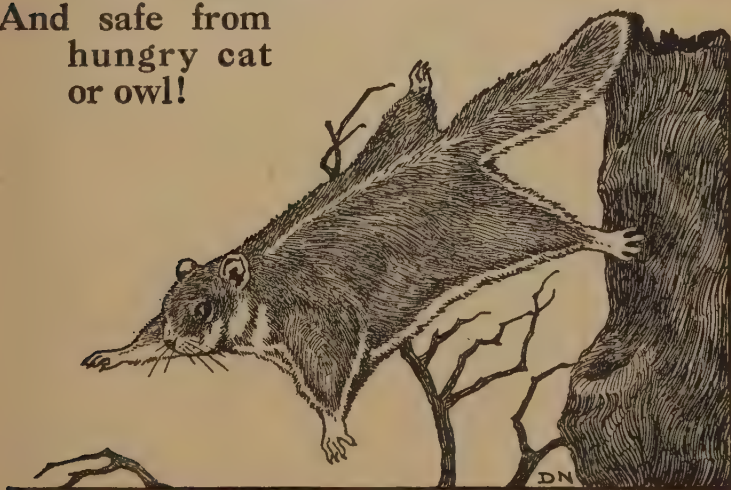
FLYING SQUIRREL

The flying squirrel sleeps all day,
But in the moonlight likes to play;
And when he's scared he squeaks and squeals
To let us know just how he feels.

He has loose skin along each side,
And he can spread his legs and glide.
He doesn't really *fly*, you see,
But sails around from tree to tree.

His glossy coat is sleek and brown;
The fur is soft as eider-down;
His eyes are large and black as jet;
He makes a very cunning pet.

Of moss and leaves he builds a nest,
And likes a hollow tree trunk best
Where he'll be warm when
 cold winds howl,
And safe from
 hungry cat
 or owl!





PORCUPINE

Now here's a chap that no one likes:
His quills are sharp as cactus spikes;
He humps up in a bristly ball
Whenever he is scared at all.

About his quills you've heard, no doubt,
And some folks say he shoots them out;
But students of the woods have found
He only slaps his tail around.

The Indians of long ago,
Mohican, Ute, and Navajo,
Would dye the quills in brilliant hues
To sew on shirts and buckskin shoes.



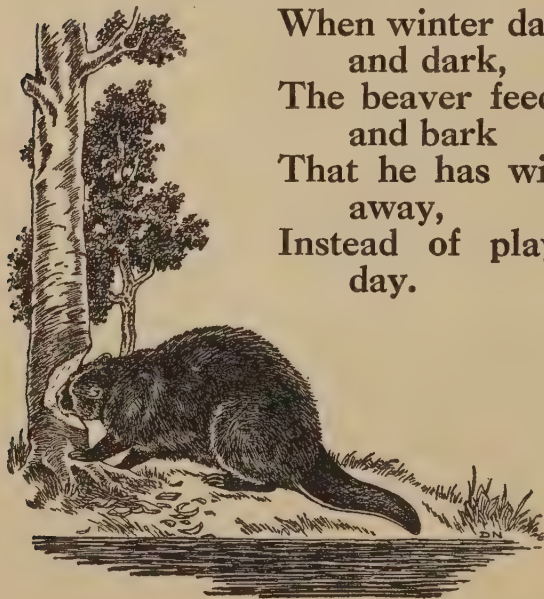
A porcupine has one bad fault:
He'll gnaw through boards to get some salt.
And if you ever go to camp,
You'll find that he's a thieving scamp!

BEAVER

In mountain stream so clear and cool
The beaver builds a swimming pool.
He gnaws down trees to make them fall
Across the stream to form a wall.

He builds his house of mud and sticks,
Out in the pond where he can fix
An underwater passageway,
And have a good safe place to stay.

He sits and watches from his dam,
And slaps his broad, flat tail *kerwham!*
Upon the water when he sees
An enemy among the trees.



When winter days are gray
and dark,
The beaver feeds on twigs
and bark
That he has wisely stored
away,
Instead of playing *every*
day.



ANTELOPE JACKRABBIT

I'm sure you've never seen a bunny
That looked so very, very funny!
It seems as if he's made all wrong,
With front legs short and hind legs long.

Like all the other kinds of rabbits
He has long ears and funny habits:
He sits down when he starts to hop,
And stands up when he wants to stop!

He's only found away out West,
And likes the cactus desert best.
His sandy bed is called a "form"
And there he'll doze when days are warm.

But when he's chased or scared at all
He'll bounce away just like a ball,
And jump so fast and far and high
That he will almost seem to fly.



MOLE

Whenever people speak of moles
'Most everybody thinks of holes,
For that is where a mole is found;
He lives in tunnels underground.

He leaves a ridge across the lawn
That shows exactly where he's gone,
And makes the gard'ner fuss and fume
And threaten moles with direful doom!

It's easy for a mole to dig
Because his fore-paws are so big;
He burrows under plants and shrubs
To hunt for worms and juicy grubs.

His eyes are small and hard to find,
And scientists insist he's blind;
He goes by sound and sense of smell,
But really gets along quite well.

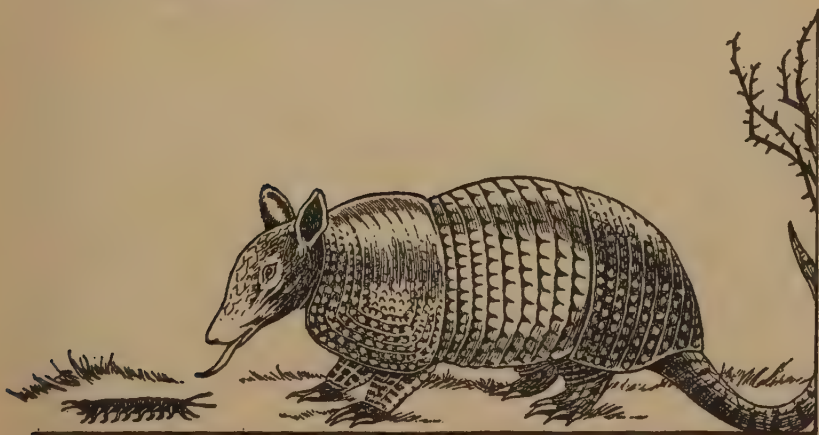
ARMADILLO

This chap is very strange appearing;
His eyes are poor, he's hard of hearing.
From Texas southward he is found,
And lives in burrows underground.

And if you saw an armadillo
You wouldn't want him for a pillow.
His bony shell is hard and tough;
The over-lapping plates are rough;

He catches insects large and small,
But hasn't any teeth at all,
He licks them up with sticky tongue,
And doesn't mind if he gets stung!

He pokes his nose in prickly thickets
To look for beetles, ants, and crickets;
This funny creature even feeds
On spiders, worms, and centipedes!



BAT

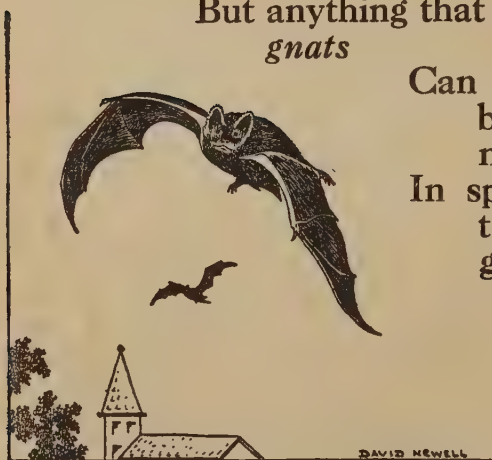
Of all the funny, funny things!
Who ever saw a mouse with wings?
But that is how a bat must look
To folks who see him in a book.

He sleeps in daytime by the hour
In cave or barn or school-house tower;
He sometimes even lives in town,
And sleeps while hanging upside down.

At twilight time he flits around
And eats mosquitoes by the pound;
He catches bugs and sandflies, too,
For which our hearty thanks are due.

And people say "as blind as
bats,"
But anything that catches
gnats

Can surely see
beyond its
nose,
In spite of how
the saying
goes.





FISHER AND RED SQUIRREL

OPOSSUM

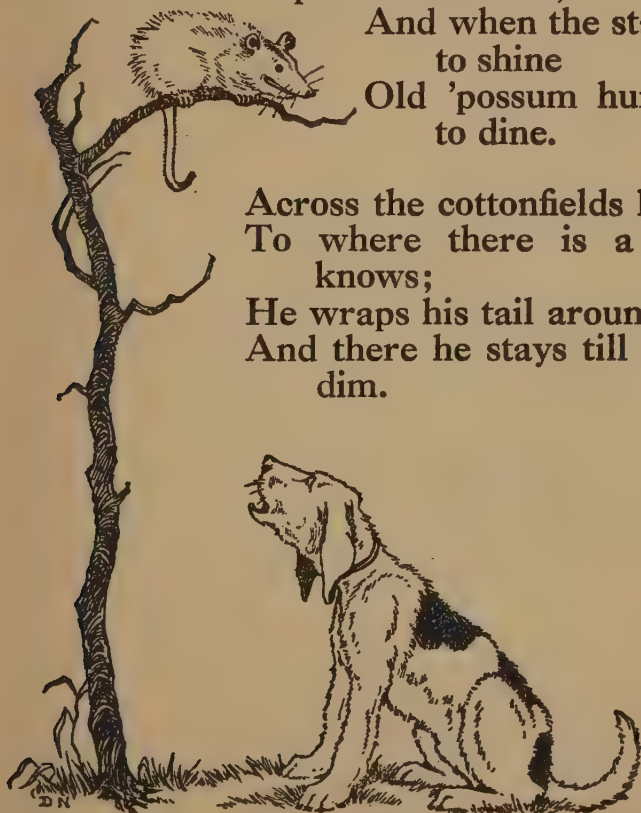
The 'possum always likes to be
Near to a tall persimmon tree;

And when the stars begin
to shine

Old 'possum hurries out
to dine.

Across the cottonfields he goes
To where there is a tree he
knows;

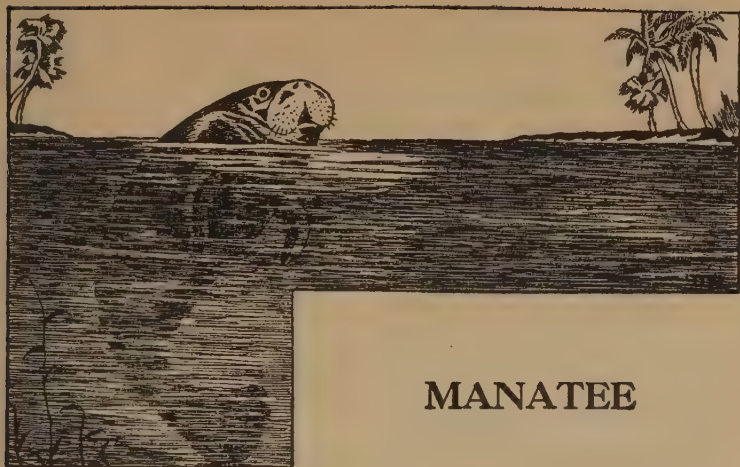
He wraps his tail around a limb,
And there he stays till stars are
dim.



And if he's caught by man or dog,
Before he finds a hollow log,
He'll grin and curl up in a heap
And lie as still as if asleep,

For "playing 'possum" is his trick;
He's not asleep or even sick.
You'd be surprised to see how fast
He'll scramble off when danger's past!





MANATEE

A stranger beast you'll never see
Than this fat, lazy manatee.
He's called a sea-cow now and then
By many old-time fishermen.

He doesn't like the cold, and so
He lives down South where palm trees grow;
He swims along the shore and feeds
On moss and grass and water weeds.

At first you'd take him for a seal
With skin just like potato peel.
And yet you'd think to see his tail
That he must be a fish or whale.

He has a funny upper lip,
But he can't bite—or even nip!
And 'though he weighs a half a ton
He never fights with anyone.



WALRUS

The walrus weighs a ton or more,
And if you saw him on the shore
You'd likely run away in fear
Because he looks so fierce and queer.

But 'though his tusks are long and white
He very seldom seeks a fight;
And yet it's best for you and others
To stay away from walrus mothers!

He likes to roll around and splash
And bellow through his big mustache.
He's fond of fish and likes a clam
As much as boys like cherry jam!

His wrinkled skin is tough as rubber,
The fat beneath is known as blubber;
The Eskimos all like to eat it,
And think that nothing else can beat it!





WHALES

The bowhead whale is most enormous,
And old-time whaling men inform us
That tiny shell-fish are his meat.
Just think how many he must eat!

The killer whales are not so long,
But they are very fierce and strong;
Of other whales they make their meals,
And prey on porpoises and seals.

When old square riggers hoisted sails
And put to sea to hunt for whales,
The cachelot and bowhead kind
Were what they wanted most to find.

For when a lucky skipper shot
A sixty-five foot cachelot,
He got two hundred kegs of oil,
And felt repaid for all his toil.

And long before the Civil War
The towns along New England's shore
Beheld their fortunes all increase
Through whale-bone, oil and ambergris.*



*Used in perfume.







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